AN

ELEGY,

On the much Lamented Death of His Grace, the

DUKE of Beauford,

Who Departed this Life, at His Seat at *Badminton* in *Glocestershire*, on *Sunday* the 21st of *January*, 1700. Being near the 70 Year of His Age.

BID Mirth adiue, and chearful Harmony,
And with me Tune a doleful *Elegy*:
A *Star* is Faln, an *Orb* does Disapear,
Was once the Glory, of our *Hemisphre*;
Sad News is Heard, and Dismal Tidings Spread!
Alass! Alass! Great *Beauford* he is Dead:
You little think what Prize, fate has Engrosst,
Or what our selves, or what the World has lost,
His Pious *Dutches* Mournfully does stand,
In silent Anguish, and uplifted Hand:
His *Son*, and *Grandson*, sadly do Lament,
And hardly know which way their Greif to Vent;
His *Daughters* three, great Ladies of Renown,
Are much Perplex'd with Greif and Dismal Moan,
Only they've round them *Vertue* for their Guard,
And makes that Easie, which we think so Hard;
Design, and Strife, were Strangers to his Heart,
But *Peace* and *Truth*, and that were ner'e Apart.
Anger might Knock, but there no Enterance found,
It durst not Tread that Path, twas *Holy Ground*:
His *Temper* was to *Pietie* so True,
Not his whole *Life*, one *Rapi'd* Motion knew,
Like a Smooth *Stream* it did untroubled Roul,
Clear as His *Eyes*, and Even as His *Soul*:
Through *Traitors* Swords, and *Plots* contriv'd in *Hell*,
Through Inmate *Friends*, that Pray and yet Rebel;
Beauford, undanted has like *Gidion* pass'd,
Prefering *Faith* and *Honour* to the last;
Nay whats, a Rarity, we find in few,
He was both *Pious*, and a *Soldier* too:
Too soon this mighty Loss is Understood,
We know the Value, when we lost the Good:
His Loyal Care to Serve his *Prince* did tend,
A Faithful Subject, Counselor and Friend;
'To'th Royal Line when Faction high did Rise,
His Arms gave Succour and his Heart Advise,
So once to *Saul*, did the great Prophet do,
Good Counsel gave, and Fought his Battels too.
Henceforth Vile Age, thy ill spent Time Redeem,
Grow Good, and let Great *Beauford* be thy Theam;
In taking Him, *Fate* leaves us Poor and Bare,
This mighty Worth is more than we can Spare;
For common Losses, common Tears we showre;
But his great *Merit* will command much more:
For this great Loss we ought to have Regard,
The Loyal and the brave are seldom Spar'd:
In Props of *Vertue*, we are not so Rich,
But such a Pillar gon, will make a breach;
Crowds may drop off, like Hair of no Esteem,
But when one *Hero* goes we lose a Limb;
Great *Ormond's Duke*, in Sable Robes appears,
With his fam'd *Dutches*, who abounds in Tears;
And none knows when their mighty Sorrow ends,
Who lost the best of *Fathers*, and of Friends:
Their Noble House, and Antient Family,
Are Dress'd in Sorrow's sadest Livery;
His high born Kindred round about the Nation,
Appear in Mourning, on this sad Occasion:
But look on further and observe the Poor,
And Needy, that in Numbers Crowds the Door,
Such as he Cloath'd; and those as long he Fed,
He greiv'd to see a *Man* that wanted bread:
His very Foes, who did his worth Envy,
If they were Poor, he freely did Imploy:
So much he Lov'd to keep at Work the Poor,
He'd pull Down Wall's tho' just built up before;
About his House, no Idle Persons Lurk,
He took such Care to set them all to Work;
And none without their Wages went away,
He scorn'd to Robb the poor *Man* of his Pay:
But to our Sorrow, this Relief is Given,
Our Loss on *Earth*, has Gain'd a Friend in *Heaven*.

EPITAPH.

UNder this Pile the great Duke Beauford lies,
Whose Death hat Caused many Weeping Eyes;
His Noble Friends with Tears make sad Complaint,
As their great Loss, tho' Heaven has gain'd a Saint:
Where he's Rewarded for his Deeds below,
With blessings there, to high for Earth *to know;*
His Fame on Earth *ought still to be Inrol'd,*
Not in black Ink, but Shining Leaves of Gold.

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